

# Quarterly News-Letter

The Book Club of California

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## The Type Specimen Book: Two Important Representatives of the Bay Printing Tradition

by Robert Dickover

THE COLLECTION OF TYPE SPECIMEN BOOKS has long been pursued by many bibliophiles and students of the history of printing. With the passage of time these books have tended more and more to be mere displays of lines of alphabets and figures, representing the various sizes of each type face in the inventory of a printing-related establishment. Borders and ornaments have been displayed in the same summary fashion. Earlier type specimen books at times attained the encyclopedic and majestic. In American typography, the example of this genre reaching the highest level was the 1,148-page *Specimen Book and Catalogue* of the American Type Founders Company published in 1923. This specimen book, much coveted by collectors, was printed in several colors and presented numerous displays of ATF's inventory of type styles, ornaments, and borders as they were actually used in commercial and other varieties of printing. One of the reproductions in the book is of an advertisement designed and composed by the Grabhorns. As a major center of fine printing, the San Francisco Bay Area has its own tradition of producing noteworthy type specimen books. Two events in the last three or four years have underscored this.

The more recent is the publication of the *Buckaroo Real Lead Deep Drive Letterpress Printing* specimen book by Peter Koch, the well-known Berkeley printer and expatriate Montanan. This book is one of Koch's Hormone Derange editions. As the double meaning of "Hormone Derange" suggests, this book embodies a whimsical approach to the printing of type specimens. The design and printing of the edition of one hundred was primarily carried out by a rollicking group of young apprentices and enthusiasts at the Koch printery. It features 128 pages of antique types and ornaments and electrotypes from the sizable Koch collection. The displays of the individual types are large in size, sometimes covering half a page. The cuts in the book represent an eclectic collection. Many of them reflect Western themes and many of them are used humorously. Items pertinent to Montana appear regularly in such things as a map of the state and an electrotype spelling out "Big Sky Country," an appellation long associated with Montana. Many of the cuts printed in the book were obtained from old printerries in Cali-



fornia and Montana and afforded the Koch gang opportunities for amusing themselves and the potential users of the *Buckaroo*. For example, they had fun with electrotypes from California printers advertising olive oil. The brands of olive oil and the number of times ads for them are printed in the book are as follows: Marca Colombo (once); Musco (large illustration) (twice); Musco (small illustration) (three times); Yolanda (once); and Queen (once). They printed the map of Montana three times throughout the book.

Peter Koch is highly regarded as a printer. Among his distinguished works are books he has printed for the Book Club of California, including our recent *Dear Master: The Letters of George Sterling to Ambrose Bierce*, edited by Dr. Roger K. Larson. While the light-hearted tone of his specimen book is a reaction to the deadly seriousness, and frequent dullness, of this type of printing across the centuries, there is no lack of seriousness or skill in the design and printing of this book. The work of Koch and his crew on this book is very superior. For example, trouble abounds in the printing of antique shaded types because of their deterioration through oxidation and their encrustation with ink and dust. In printing their shaded types, the Koch gang overcame these problems. In their hands these types appear as shaded and not, as they often do, as intermittently shaded and splotted with black areas. That result could only have necessitated great care in the inking of the types for printing and the vigorous application of the scrubbing brush before and during printing. Because of the lightness of the paper used in this book, the printers decided not to use the amount of ink and impression ordinarily used in printing wood type when they printed the specimens of their wood types. The alternative would have been to use heavier paper for just the pages devoted to wood type. In a book this size, doing so would have been awkward. While their reproductions of the wood types are occasionally spotted, they are nonetheless adequate. The Koch type specimen book is clearly slated to have a warm place in the hearts of true typographers.

The book is bound in heavy gray chipboards with a brown cloth spine and corners of the same material. The title on the cover was printed in four colors. The *Buckaroo* was printed in an edition of 100 at \$250.00 per copy.

The other Bay Area type specimen book to have come into prominence (actually, to have returned to prominence) in the last several years is the *Types, Borders, and Miscellany of Taylor & Taylor*, published in 1939 by the distinguished San Francisco printing firm of Taylor & Taylor. (The name of the firm was always printed with an ampersand.) This book was characterized in the catalogue of the Centu-

ry for the Century exhibit as one of the 100 books [selected] from all the “superlative books of the 20th century” for the exhibit, which took place at the Grolier Club in New York City in 2000. The selection was made by the noted American bookmen Martin Hutner (not Hunter) and Jerry Kelley, in consultation with a group of distinguished students of the printed book, from the universe of books printed from Roman types in Europe and America. The Taylor & Taylor book is one of eleven chosen from the work of Californian printers for the exhibit. Books selected from elsewhere included such revered classics as the Doves Bible, the Merrymount Book of Common Prayer, and *Jazz* by Henri Matisse. Of course there are disputes about some of the books that were included and support for books that were not included. However, those that were selected for the exhibit are of such stature that the eleven Californian books can be regarded as having been admitted to the Valhalla of the modern printed book.

The Taylors of Taylor & Taylor were the sons of Edward Robeson Taylor, a polymath who started life as a typesetter and later became a physician, a lawyer, a published poet, and a reform-minded mayor of San Francisco. James D. Hart, in his monograph *Fine Printing: the San Francisco Tradition*, describes Edward R. Taylor as the main force behind the Book Club of California in its early days. The firm that became Taylor & Taylor was established by Edward R. Taylor’s son Edward De Witt Taylor in 1896. The latter was joined in the firm by his brother, Henry H. Taylor, in 1901. Henry H. Taylor died in 1937, but the firm was continued by his brother, to be finally liquidated in 1960.

By the time of the printing of its type specimen book, the printing firm of Taylor & Taylor had had seventy-one examples of its work, including three books printed for the Book Club of California, accepted for exhibitions of the American Institute of Graphic Arts (AIGA). The specimen book was also selected by AIGA as one of its “Fifty Books of the Year” for 1939. Contained in it are displays of the work of nineteen of the most important designers. The types displayed were manufactured by fifteen type foundries or cast from Monotype or Linotype matrices. The printing is as good as it may be in terms of design, composition, and presswork. The sections on type and borders were printed in a deep black, but the miscellany section, which includes reproductions of numerous decorated initials, is printed in black and nine other colors.

In the section of the book devoted to type styles, the printed area on each page is delimited by a border. The areas within the borders are the same throughout this section, regardless of the size of the type shown. To avoid the situation of having



a half-dozen of the smaller type sizes on a single page, the Taylors, who were notable printing historians, got the idea of printing historical essays on the development and uses of the types along with the displays of the capitals, lower case, and figures. For example, with their Caslon type, they have a display of six- and eight-point types on one page. The remaining space available for printing within the borders on that page is filled in by the beginning of the historical essay on the Caslon types. The essay is continued on the next page, which displays only nine-point Caslon, and the part of the essay on that page is set in that nine-point type. Eventually the letters and figures become large enough to take up the entire space allotted to them within the borders, and the essay on the type style is terminated.

This ingenious solution to the design problem, plus the scholarship of the text and the distinguished printing, have given celebrity to the Taylor & Taylor type specimen book. Only three hundred and thirty copies were printed, of which two hundred and sixty were for sale. Throughout its existence, it has been much prized by collectors. Within the last year, two copies of the book were listed for sale, one for \$500 and one for \$675 – a good deal of money for a book which, despite its quality, cannot avoid having at least a partly utilitarian image.

Edward DeWitt Taylor, familiarly known as Ned, presented his personal copy of the book to a friend in 1954. In his presentation inscription, he describes it as “representing my life work as a printer...on which I spent six years in its writing and designing.” As we contemplate the state of printing today, we can only hope that more of the spirit and dedication of Ned Taylor will materialize to guarantee the continuation of fine printing in California.

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- ROBERT DICKOVER is a member of the Publications Committee with a long-standing interest in printing history; he is a retired research psychologist with the California Department of Corrections and lives in Sacramento.

Bronislaw Mlynarski  
by August Brandenburg

I MUST PREFACE THIS by saying that the following are reminiscences of a book dealer I once knew, set down purely for my own satisfaction. Later on I thought it might be a good thing to share them with other book people.

I remember us sitting in his book room, talking to get acquainted. Although I had bought books from him for several years, all the transactions were by mail. We had never actually met. It was startling that on the wall behind him hung an oil portrait, done of him either by Feliks Topolski or someone whose style was very like Topolski's; the portrait captured somewhat impressionistically the essential Mlynarski. (Mlynarski seemed to be in his sixties or seventies, although I could not be more precise about his age; he had a full head of grey, nearly white, hair.)

Entering the house, one was in a large and well-furnished living room, and went into the book room through a door on the left. In the book room one was greeted by a beautiful, obviously very old, wooden statue; the statue appeared to depict a saint and was probably from a church. I was perversely careful not to make it evident how impressed I was by it.

Mlynarski said that he did nearly all his business by mail, getting perhaps one visitor in a month or two. Recalling that most of my purchases had been books on string instruments, Mlynarski asked what my musical interests were. I told him that the books had been bought mostly as gifts for my father. My own musical interests were mainly piano and opera. I was visiting to meet him and peruse his stock. (There was at that time no dealer in northern California who had what I thought was a good stock of books about music.) When I told him that my father had been a violinist in his early days, he said, "Oh, I wonder if he knows my good friend Arthur Rudzinski." I was startled that he would drop the name of a famous musician as though there might be a common acquaintance, but I said that I was pretty sure the two had never known each other; most of my father's performing and traveling had been in the American mid-west.

Mlynarski told me about his own background. He had grown up in Warsaw, where his father had been first the conductor and later the general director of the Warsaw Opera. He showed me a photo of his father in the orchestra pit. Mlynarski came to the United States and saved four thousand dollars, bought books with



that money, and thereby got his start as a dealer. (At the time of my visit he was preparing a shipment to a library in Tel Aviv.)

I was astonished that a person who made his living as a book dealer could afford to live in such a beautiful house, located as it was on North Crescent, a few blocks above Wilshire in Beverly Hills—especially since his start as a dealer was so slow. But one does not ask about such a private matter, of course.

As we were chatting he looked through the window to his left, and suddenly got up, opened the window and waved to a woman going by on a bicycle. "That was Doris Day," he said. "We often meet in the morning at the drugstore, on Wilshire."

We talked about pianists and the piano literature. Thinking that the Polish connection would be of interest to him, I mentioned that I had not seen any book recently about Paderewski, and he said that the definitive book about Paderewski had yet to be written. He said this with such emphasis and conviction that I thought there must be a private meaning that I would never know.

It was mid-morning, and he announced that I was welcome to browse among his stock for perhaps an hour or two, and he would then have to leave. His book room was large, containing perhaps four or five thousand books. For many years I have loved browsing among books, and could never do justice to a stock

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that size in an hour or two. As the deadline approached, I had not decided on a purchase, and Mlynarski said that he had to deliver a few packages to his shipper and would be back after that errand was finished. I could see that while he felt the necessity of the errand he also did not want to send me away after traveling such a distance and not accomplishing my own purpose. So I offered to drive him to his shipper's to make amends for the inconvenience I had caused him, and he would not have to worry about leaving a stranger alone in his house.

After the short trip to his shipper's (perhaps two or three miles round trip), Mlynarski said that I was now welcome to stay the day if I liked. We snacked on cookies, and I returned to browsing among his books.

He showed me a little of the house. There were a few shelves of books in his rather Spartan bedroom. Behind the living room was a second room that would perhaps normally have been a den or cozy sitting room; however, in this instance the room was lined with book shelves, and the only other furniture I remember was a Steinway baby grand piano. I felt the compulsion to sit down at the Steinway, open it and play a little from a Bach partita; he listened and said, "Oh, a little bit of Bach." The books on the shelves were his personal collection of books on Paris, many in fine leather bindings, some obviously very old. He showed me a few of the books, including a few that really seemed to be bound collections of etchings; I was so astonished at the beauty and evident value of these books that I tried (as with the statue, earlier) to avoid letting him see just how impressed I was. He had said nothing about playing the piano, and I wondered why the Steinway was there; but then for musical people a good piano often is a necessary furnishing, and musical people generally have a competence at the piano, even if they do not consider it "their" instrument.

I had the feeling that someone else was in the house, and thought that at one point when Mlynarski disappeared briefly he was talking to someone. But I was not sure about this, and suspect that someone (perhaps a wife, perhaps an invalid) was upstairs.

We went back to the book room, and after making a selection I took a few books to him for purchase. He was talking quietly with a young man who had come in to do some clerical work for him. Mlynarski went to one of the shelves and put with my purchase a book about Chopin. Although I had not selected this book, I was pleased by it; the text was in English, Polish, and French, and contained many nice plates. He gave me the Chopin book, took off a small discount on the others,

and gave me a very friendly good-bye. He promised that at my next visit we would go somewhere for lunch.

\* \* \*

For about twenty years I collected books by Aldous Huxley and related materials, going to book fairs for acquisitions and contacts to further my collection. At one fair I met Doris Harris, a dealer in autograph materials. I asked Harris whether she had any Huxley material to quote, and she responded, "Do you have any references?" I asked whether one needed references for a quotation, and she said, "No, I guess not."

Suddenly I thought of Mlynarski, who was located near her in southern California. Surely the two would be acquainted. She said, "Oh, you know the Mlynarskis?" "Well," I said, "I know him."

"Do you know who they are?" she said

I told her what I remembered of Mlynarski. She said that he was one of the Polish patriots, and the wife was Doris Kenyon, the silent screen actress. I did not know the name Doris Kenyon, but now I thought I understood Mlynarski's emphatic remark about a biography of Paderewski, whom Mlynarski likely had known.

I did not buy anything from Harris, but felt rewarded indeed for having mentioned Mlynarski.

\* \* \*

About four years later, in 1971 or 1972, I was planning another visit to the Los Angeles area and wrote Mlynarski. He answered with an invitation to visit and said we would go to Century City for lunch.

A family illness then led me to postpone my trip. When I wrote Mlynarski to mention the change of plans, a secretary answered that Mlynarski had died of a heart attack.

I sent a letter of condolence to Mrs. Mlynarski, who answered with thanks and reminiscences about their many years of happy marriage.

Having some contacts then at the library of the University of San Francisco, I wrote Mrs. Mlynarski that if there was much unsold inventory of the music books I might be able to interest the USF people in some. Mrs. Mlynarski sent a copy of the last catalogue, marked to show the items remaining in stock. I forwarded this with a note to Father Monihan, the USF library director.

Mrs. Mlynarski wrote later that USF had indeed purchased a number of the



remaining books in stock, and she also sent me a book from her late husband's Paris collection, with a card thanking me for my help. This book is a 1940s collection of photos and text, and is now a cherished possession of mine.

Some months later, I received a letter from Mrs. Mlynarski stating that a friend of hers, Frances Marion, had been a screenwriter and had just finished a book about the movie business, *Off With their Heads!* Mrs. Mlynarski was mentioned in the book, and her photo appeared, along with a photo of her first husband, Milton Sills. If I sent a copy of the book, Mrs. Mlynarski would have her friend autograph it for me. I bought a copy and sent the book down to Mrs. Mlynarski. The book came back with the flyleaf covered with inscriptions from Frances Marion and Mrs. Mlynarski, and is also a cherished possession of mine.

This episode ends my acquaintance with the Mlynarskis, and I suspect that Mrs. Mlynarski did not survive her husband by very many years. Some time in the 1980s on a business trip to the Los Angeles area I took time on a trip to the airport to pass by the house on North Crescent, and saw that it had been repainted in different colors.

\* \* \*

In later years, when I was reading the autobiography of Arthur Rubinstein, I found that Mrs. Rubinstein was a sister of Mlynarski's, and Mlynarski himself was mentioned a number of times. No doubt I had played "a little bit of Bach" on a piano that had known Rubinstein's fingers.

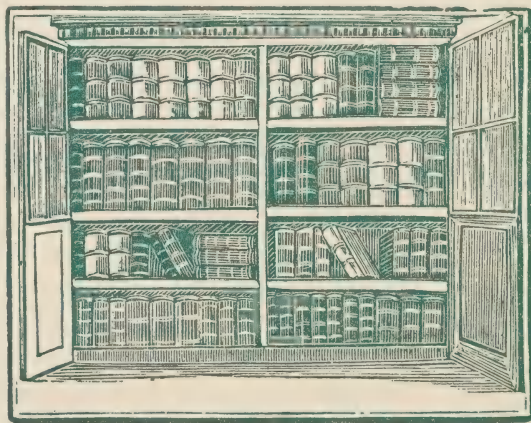
After some years in retirement I was going through accumulated papers, deciding what to keep and what not. The Mlynarski invoices and correspondence surfaced, and I found a mention by Mrs. Mlynarski that her husband had been working on his war papers at the time of his death, and she was looking for a publisher. I suddenly felt remiss at not having followed up on this and read the book. It had been published, I found, in England in 1976. A bookstore clerk found a copy for me in the Internet.

*The 79th Survivor* tells about Mlynarski's experience after the September 1939 invasion of Poland by Germany, when Mlynarski and other members of the Polish army, retreating from the Germans, were swept up by the Soviet army and taken to camps in the USSR (where many died). The experience was brutalizing, and reading of it gave me a deep feeling of sympathy and respect for Mlynarski, who had spent his late thirties and early forties in such degradation and the threat of death. (I also learned a few things about modern European history that I had not known.)

A quotation from page 59 of the book tells about Mlynarski's early life and places him in historical context:

Various scenes from bygone days, often faded, were flashing onto my mind. Moscow in 1917, the October Revolution. I am seventeen. I am here with all my family as refugees from Poland which we left in 1914 when it was threatened by the German offensive. In the spring I pass my final exams at a Russian school and in the autumn I enlist at Moscow University. The first courses start. I have many good friends among the Russians. The deceitful and fallacious Kierenski period passes and then the October Revolution explodes into life....

AUGUST BRANDENBURG most recently wrote for the *QN-L* about collecting Aldous Huxley. He is a retired Wells Fargo Bank archivist.





## bDNA Solves Ancient California Mystery

by James Moffat Spitze

*[Editor's Note: Mr. Spitze, a financial accountant, rushed in this manuscript on the first day of the second quarter of 2004 in prelude to a taxing season; this accounts for any lack of polish.]*

HISTORY IS REplete with names of those who advanced the book arts: Gutenberg, Caxton, Plantin, Baskerville, Franklin, Bosqui, Grabhorn, Koch, and Reagh. To them must be added Ch. [for "Chaldean"] Marlo's Maggie Bear.

Maggie, for short, is our dog. She is a slightly larger than a standard female Rottweiler with definitely larger than standard ears. She loves to dig things up in our garden and bring them to me, her ears flopping merrily as she races towards me with her latest discovery. To this humble creature came a marvelous find, forever changing the nature of book collecting. A worldwide epidemic of bibliomania will undoubtedly erupt!

Late last summer, 2003, we had a small garden party. Maggie happily sniffed our guests, decided they were okay, and went to rest beneath an old oak tree. She brushed aside the thin covering of oak detritus, dug a comfortable bed and lay down for her afternoon nap. Some time later, I noticed her re-digging her bed. The old oak must have had a root that bothered her. After a moment, she picked up something and came romping towards me, a hundred pounds or so of happy dog with what looked to be a small piece of thick, stiff paper in her mouth.

I retrieved her discovery, tugged her ears, and she went back to her nap. Her discovery was put on our kitchen counter and promptly forgotten. Later that evening I reexamined it and became more interested. It was about one inch square and had faded lines that almost resembled writing! The oak tree is a prominent feature of our garden and looks like it has been there forever, certainly a half millennium.

I envisioned a Spanish explorer in the 1770s stopping to rest under the tree and writing a few lines in his diary, perhaps tearing out a page and leaving it behind for some unknown reason. The chemicals in oak droppings could have had a preservative effect. My mind wandered to an article I had recently read about a remarkable extension in DNA research.

Based on DNA, sheep have been cloned. Amazingly, the possibility exists that humans might be next. To those of us interested in literature and written records, the extension of DNA-based cloning into our field seems possibly even more amazing. A recent scholarly study announced that something called bDNA had been discovered, with the “b” standing for “book.”

It seems that books and all written documents take on, over time, a certain “aura” that is the effective equivalent of the DNA found in living tissue. This bDNA, even that found in a quite small fragment of a much larger document, possesses all of the elements of the larger and can, using modern technology, be used to fully reconstitute that larger document—even after many centuries.

As I looked at the mysterious piece of flattish whatever it was in my hand, the idea of subjecting it to bDNA reconstitution technology came to mind. Not unlike an archeologist, I dug through ancient layers of rag and wood-pulp detritus on my overlaid desk, which were just on the verge of turning to compost. Only by luck, I found the learned exposition on bDNA and phoned its author, the much-honored Professor Oswald Baum-Hampf.

This distinguished scholar, the leading authority in the field, sits in the Bolton Hart Chair at the world-renown Department of Unusual Antiquarian Studies at the University of California, Berkeley. Oz, as I soon learned to call Professor Baum-Hampf, had studied at the feet of that great master Bolton Hart, and demanded to see my strange fragment. A few days later, I brought in the sap-encrusted, pre-amberific scrap.

“Tut, tut,” he said, rising from the Bolton Hart Chair, “I am shocked and awed by this! It is good you brought this to me. Your conjecture as to date is greatly in error, but, with my apologies, such as might be made by a novice. Eighteenth-century nonsense. This survival is definitely sixteenth century; late sixteenth century, I would say.”

Professor Baum-Hampf rattled on about Manila Galleons, early Spanish visits to the shores of California, and later settlement. All of these he rejected as undoubtedly too late. Then came to mind the month-long visit of that English plunderer, Francis Drake, in the summer of 1579. We looked at each other. “Could this be?” we both ejaculated.

We re-examined my faded fragment. “Are there really words on it?” we quizzically contemplated. Oz had expert eyes. For instance, he gained the Bolton Hart Chair itself by discovering the first manuscript edition of Julius Caesar’s *Commentaries*. A few years later in Imperial Rome, the historian Suetonius deduced the



personality of the Emperor Augustus from his handwriting, and Professor Baum-Hampf had discovered this ancient secret.

His would be a household name today, if the gregarious (but stuffy) Oz had ever finished the discussion of the “points” that distinguished Suetonius’s own manuscript of the *Lives of the Twelve Caesars* from all later copies. Alas, experiments on the salacious details distracted the learned professor from this noble and worthwhile project.

Baum-Hampf squinted, carefully took a jeweler’s loupe from his desk, and looked closely. With some educated guessing, the word “Plate” immediately appeared magically before him. It was indeed not the Spanish “Plata,” but good Elizabethan English!

“Get in here,” Oz bellowed in a stentorian brassy voice to the current director of The Bancroft Library, an expert in Medieval Spanish literature. He, too, confirmed the writing could not be Spanish.

Some years ago, miscreants belonging to The Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus had foisted upon The Bancroft Library a fraudulent forgery of a Plate of Brasse left by Sir Francis Drake in 1579. Within recent memory, that is, a year before Ch. Marlo’s Maggie Bear’s fortuitous find, an embarrassing press conference revealed the fraud.

I myself was present at this humiliating denunciation, consoling poor deluded Bancroftians as the Fourth Estate wielded a Sword of Justice not tempered with Mercy. For readers curious to pursue this line of inquiry, I am one of four authors who exposed the 1930s hoax. We boldly named the names of these Provisional Poor Blind Candidates who blinded the rest of the world in “Who Made Drake’s Plate of Brass,” *California History* 81, No. 2 (2002): 116–133; 167–170. One could not be too careful!

Next, Oz explained the still in its infancy bDNA reconstitution process. The fragment would be vaporized in a special chamber with a small viewing window. The resulting gaseous mist would be electrostatically charged under the control of a “reconstitution” computer program.

The haze would clear and page by page we would be able to view the original document. Yet, as each page passed from view, it would become unrecoverable, disappearing back into the primeval fog. Acknowledging the risk, we forged ahead to uncover the secret of Maggie’s find.

Once inside his generally unknown scientific lab, Professor Baum-Hampf used tweezers to gently place the unknown scrap into the deciphering chamber.

Within moments the fragment vaporized. In its place we viewed an astonishing title page: “Logge of Her Gracious Majestie’s Shippe “Pelican.”

This name had been crossed out, and added, “Lately ‘The Golden Hinde.’” Pages slipped by, out of the mist, into our view, and just as quickly gone again. We eagerly read how this small galleon sailed the cold, gray Atlantic as one of five, but then alone weathered Cape Horn, emerged into the Pacific, captured Spanish treasure, and at last appeared off what is now known as the California Coast.

Enraptured, we continued. “As we lette go Ankor in a Sheltered Baye, guarded by Wyte Cliffes not unlike those at Dover, a High Winde did but caught our sp’ts’le yarde. Stoutt Stayes and Slings did Snappe like yarn. Like a hugge and giante byrde we saw it but Sall Southeast over this strange and fearsome land.”

“We followed as best we coulede with the Long Bote, rigged with Sall,” the ship’s log recorded, “and Entered a Grate Inlande Ocean, where Her Moste Gracious Majestie’s entire Fleete might Lay in Safety unseen. Suche a Baye, even by God’s Grace, could not Be! The Foode, though freshe, did make us see strange sites. We wer Not in our Rit Mindes.”

“Lo, befor us on this Contra Costa Shor, as the Devil Donnes would say, we did spot our Sp’ts’le yard jammed in the Goode Earthe, Sall flapping in the breeze. Taking as God’s Good Omen, We did Ereckt on it a Plaque of Brasse, claiming this Faire Lande for Our Most Gracius Majestie.”

As this strange account vanished, a crude chart appeared. Quick calculations showed that Sir Francis Drake had landed approximately where Maggie had, just a few days earlier, made her backyard discovery! The Professor of the Hart Bolton Chair stood dumbfounded. What a miracle he had wrought!

The one, true, and absolutely, positively *certain* location of the landing site of Francis Drake’s *Golden Hinde* – or at least, its Sp’ts’le yard – had at long last finally been discovered: in my backyard on top of what is now a hill in Orinda, California.

As we looked at the ancient map, it began to fade from view and the next series of logbook pages, detailing the return to England, presented themselves. Finally, the gaseous mist consolidated into drops of water on the viewing window. Our once-in-a-lifetime experiment was over. Maggie’s fortuitous find was gone, too.

Professor Baum-Hampf unstoppered the brandy decanter, poured, and we toasted our amazing discovery. Spitze Yard in Orinda had a verified sixteenth-century origin! Dazed and amazed I drove home, leaving Oz with the brandy, muttering, “I must discover a fixative for bDNA, but first, time to read a little Suetonius – in the original.”



## Gifts & Acquisitions

The Book Club has just received a copy of *The Brady Book*, published by the Nomis Press of Santa Rosa, California, for the Wine Librarians' Association. This well printed collection of essays by Roy Brady covers all aspects of the wine trade. Sale of the book benefits the association, and one hundred dollars a copy makes it well worth the price of admission. The book also has a bibliography of Roy Brady's writings on wine as well as an excellent index and introduction by Thomas Pinney, the editor of the Club's 1994 edition of *The Vineyards and Wine Cellars of California*. Like that publication, *The Brady Book* is enhanced by wonderful tipped-in illustrations, mostly wine labels from Brady's collection. The edition of 250 was designed by Ed Farris of Farris Graphics, Covelo, California, and printed and bound by Thomson-Shore. The recurrent motif of "birdie devouring wine grapes" from Louis LeClerc's 1822 treatise on viticulture, used by Brady on bookplates and stationery, adds a charming note to this very readable book. Thank you for your most generous gift to us, publisher Gail Unzelman.

From Bruce Smith and Yoshiko Yamamoto's Arts & Crafts Press, Olalla, Washington, we have received David Mostardi's *A Checklist of the Publications of Paul Elder*. This was completed in time for the well-received Paul Elder exhibit and talk by Mr. Mostardi at the San Francisco Public Library. The delightful and well thought-out checklist will be very helpful with respect to the frequently encountered Elder publications. There are a few small illustrations, and some uncommon works are listed, including magazines. I understand that a full bibliography is in the works, to provide useful full descriptions. Thanks and congratulations to the three Book Club members responsible.

BARBARA JANE LAND

Through the great generosity of Barbara Jane Land, the Club has acquired, in memory of Wendell Coon and Helen Lee, *The Fragments of Parmenides*. This impressive volume comes from Peter Koch Printers, Berkeley, and presents the Greek and an English translation by Robert Bringham, with wood engravings by Richard Wagener, printed by him (whom QN-L readers may recall for his superior decorations on the covers of Volume LXVI of this publication). The type for the main text was set and printed by hand at the Press in Parmenides Greek; the translation was set in Monotype Dante at Dan Carr's Golgonooza Letter Foundry. The

cover type is Diogenes, specially designed by Christopher Stinehour of Berkeley, and the Parmenides Greek was designed and cut by hand in steel by Dan Carr. The binding by Peggy Gotthold is quarter leather and Hahnemühle Bugra paper, protected by a case covered in Japanese silk. Ours is copy 2 of 120; there is a deluxe lettered edition as well, with additional wood engravings and type specimen sheets.

This is a tall, spectacular book, a feast of color and of beautifully printed and spaced letters on thick, smooth Zerkall paper. It is an intellectual delight as well, with a learned afterword and notes, but most of all in the brilliance of the poetry:

«So there are always things arriving  
and departing from the mind.  
Thought cannot cut being's ties with being –  
not when thought is billowing out grandly  
over everything and all things,  
and not when it is hunkered down  
and grappling with something.»

Our best thanks to Barbara Land for the gift and to all the gifted contributors.

\* \* \*

Dr. Andrew Nadell has presented the Club's library with *One Hundred Books Famous in Medicine* by Haskell Norman, a handsome 1995 publication of The Grolier Club. This is a weighty and important book, with great detail for the hundred books exhibited at the Grolier in late 1994. It is also a handsome volume, boxed and linen-bound and embellished with many fascinating color plates. Dr. Norman and the editor, Hope Mayo, have balanced both bibliography and medicine, and the result is a worthy shelf-mate for the Grolier's 1964 *One Hundred Books Famous in Science*. Thank you, Dr. Nadell.

\* \* \*

Harold Berliner sent us his latest from Nevada City, *Genesis*, noting in his letter that "it was the hardest presswork we ever went through." The results are impressive and beautiful – a large folio, bound in red cloth, with tipped-in woodcut illustrations by the Vienna-born artist Helen Siegl, now resident in New York and still

active. Printing the woodcuts required 153 separately mixed inks. All the illustrations are memorable, but "Creation" and "The Flood" are particularly endearing with their multiplicity of animals and natural life as well as less playful motifs, befitting the subjects. This book is among Mr. Berliner's works on exhibit at The Book Club of California through July 30, 2004.

\* \* \*

Two more examples of the generosity of Club Librarian Barbara Jane Land: She has given us *Charles van Sandwyck: An Interim Bibliography 1983 to 2000* published by Heavenly Monkey & C.V.S. Fine Arts, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, 2000. This is a delightfully wrought small volume, number 12 of 50 printed (damp, of course) in Bembo on a Washington handpress. The copperplate engravings and wrapper decoration by Mr. van Sandwyck are delightful, as is the tipped-in facsimile of his first book, an accordion-fold miniature entitled "...a collection of Little People common to the natural forest."

The second recent item from Barbara is a rarity: *San Francisco Vigilance Committee of '56*, edited by Frank Meriweather Smith and printed by Barry, Baird & Co., San Francisco, 1883. Beyond the obvious historical interest, this fits into the Club's collection of local printers. The rather workaday little volume is enlivened by an advertisement for Perkins Photographer, of Hayes Street, San Francisco, with the proud announcement that "The Instantaneous Brome Gelatine Dry Plates are used exclusively in this Gallery" and adding that they "also have a Fine Collection of Views of California Scenery."

Thank you, Barbara Land.

\* \* \*

On the occasion of his highly popular public program on February 18, 2004, Merlin Holland, grandson of Oscar Wilde, gave the Club a copy of his book *The Real Trial of Oscar Wilde*. (Thanks to Wilde collector and Club Director Wade Hughan for introducing Mr. Holland to the Public Programs Committee.) We are glad to have this book as a memento of the occasion; the library possesses few other Wilde items. In 1972 the Club published Oscar Wilde's lecture on *Irish Poets*, a talk given in Platt's Hall, San Francisco, on April 5, 1882. Wilde's triumphant visit to California must have been far different from his tragically misguided suit against the Marquess of Queensberry in 1895. John Mortimer of *Rumpole* fame provides a foreword to Mr. Holland's book, published in 2003 by Fourth Estate (HarperCollins; \$27.95).



\* \* \*

The moving sale at Colophon Book Shop of Exeter, New Hampshire, allowed us to purchase at a bargain price *The Life and Work of Robert Gibbings* by Martin J. Andrews, Primrose Hill Press, Bicester, 2003). This large, attractive book fits into our collection on book illustration and will appeal to anyone interested in Eric Gill or anyone who cares about those delightful water-adventures Gibbings wrote and illustrated—*Sweet Thames*, *Run Softly* and *Lovely is the Lee*, for two. This “copiously illustrated”—to use a phrase from *Sun Bathing Review*, 1933, cover by Gibbings—book will take the reader more widely into his vivid life (1889–1958) and wonderful, varied, extensive work.

\* \* \*

Club member Alan Bern, of the Berkeley Public Library, is also a very good poet. We received a copy of his *No no the saddest* (Fithian Press, McKinleyville, California, 2004; \$12.00) and were impressed by the power of these poems. They spring from a dreadful trauma, the long coma of his pregnant young wife, during which she gave birth to a healthy son without knowing of it; and her eventual death. It is stunning work, disciplined and passionate and bold, with a sweetness where needed and a precise observation of the actual. If the poems helped the poet to bear his trouble and heal from his loss, that would be reason enough; but they are finer, calling the reader into the processes, through shock, hurt, anger, memory, and grief to the relief of a return to life and love. Congratulations on your moving work, Alan.

## Serendipity

Picky-Wocky from the Committee Chairman

We are jealous. Our upcountry compatriot, Bob Young, editor of the Sacramento Book Collectors Club *Newsletter*, has a librarian action-figure. Not only that, she is modeled after a living librarian and actionates the “Shsssh!” sign. If you wish the rest of the story contained in Volume 19, Number 4, join up!

The SBCC fee is only \$25, a bargain for a newsletter full of wit, verve, insight and commentary by a well-read author, who has known many twentieth-century literary figures. Not only do his observations pale ours in comparison, but he even writes in the first person singular. Editor Young is still young at heart and mind after having been at it for only “four lustrums.” He says, “I could not pass on using this word” and we use quotes to dispel thoughts that we made it up.

If we take the advice of a late keepsake and go *Up the River*, we will find that the Sacramentans have bestowed honorary membership on Joseph D'Ambrosio. D'Ambrosio knows how to get in on the ground floor of things. He designed the terrazzo floor in the new Library and Courts Building where Publications Committee Chairman Gary Kurutz hangs his hat—or would if he wore one.

My goal, D'Ambrosio states, is “to expand upon the nature of a book within the Fine Art medium using letterpress printing, original art, and expanding binding techniques to create a total Art entity.” Bold words, but what proof? Luckily copies yet remain of the 2002 BCC publication *A Memoir of Book Design, 1969–2000*.

Our copy of the bouncing equine came and *The Colt Springs High* is “a good read.” Readers will wax WROth with themselves if they let this Arion Press production prance past—a fine press product propping up premier printing. As the floating baby Moses said when he snagged a bulrush, “It’s a good reed.”

A perambulation took us down to 655 Mission Street, Malcolm Whyte’s Cartoon Art Museum. Known since November 2001 for creative exhibits, it occupies the final site of the Friends of Photography. Ansel Adams founded that influential group in 1967 to prove his lifelong dream that photography is indeed fine art. Fine prices for his works should stop any debate. The group disbanded by the end of February; its bookstore in the museum carries the changed name of Foto-Grafix Books.

There, we could not resist acquiring Phil Frank’s “Farley” off-editorial-page political comic strip describing “His Williness, Ruler of all lands west of Emeryville.” *Don’t Parade on My Reign* at \$14.95 laughs away the past eight years under Mayor Willie Brown—who chuckled at the humor in many.

Next door since January at 657 Mission Street, Suite 300, Susan Stryker runs the Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgender Historical Society. We spotted a sign board advertising “Saint Harvey [Milk]: The Life and Afterlife of a Modern Gay Martyr,” and investigated the well-planned exhibit on the San Francisco supervisor assassinated in 1978. We worked in the Bay City then, but writing a short textbook for college freshmen to include contemporary times (Hallowe’en 2003 is our stopping point) forced us to leave our comfortable, but dead, 1860s for a more modern era.

Arcadia Publishing of Charleston, S.C., has released, at \$19.99, “Strange de Jim’s” *San Francisco’s Castro*, a book of two hundred photos from 1880 to 2003. “Strange,” a gay, witty character out of Herb Caen’s classic *Chronicle* column, replaced his real name with his nom de plume.

Intriguingly, the Castro neighborhood has transformed over a century with its sense of community intact. From Catholic working class to gay mecca, strong icons remain: Attorney Alfred “Nobby” Clark’s 1892 mansion (which we had placed unidentified in our textbook a mile too far southeast); the Most Holy Redeemer Catholic Church (1902); the Castro Theater, opened in 1910 but now in a gorgeous 1922 building; and the DeBaca family’s 1936 Cliff’s Variety store.

How to live in San Francisco for years, but not enjoy it? Be incarcerated on Alcatraz Island. The prison block, built in 1912, opened as the world’s largest concrete reinforced building.

We expanded our interest from the Civil War years of Fort Alcatraz into the prison and several inches of shelf space. Last year, Michael Esslinger released a lavishly illustrated *Alcatraz: A Definitive History of the [Federal] Penitentiary Years [1934–1963]* (San Francisco: Ocean View Publishing, 2003; \$16.99).

His work is descriptive. Esslinger declares, “I’ve always heard that the historian’s role is to collect and interpret; I strongly disagree with that. I believe that the historian’s role is to collect and display,” so as to “let people look at the raw history and make those determinations themselves.”

This is, of course, a bunch of picky-wocky. Even the daily prison rules have become archaic and need explanation to modern readers. The very act of collecting leads to interpretation, what to put in; what to leave out; of two sources, which is the better one, and so on.

Few viewers record the same details about a common incident, while ten historians locked in a room with the same ten sources would produce ten different “objective” versions. Apart from this fuss on our part, we recommend this thorough study.

The January issue of *Saudi Aramco World* contains James V. Parry’s eighteen-page article “Mapping Arabia,” based on 127 European maps in Marion Bukhari’s collection. Born in Pakistan, educated in England, and now a resident of Jiddah, she assembled her colorful, informative holdings within twenty years.

Claudius Ptolemy, a second-century resident of Alexandria, Egypt, began it all. A millennium later, Islamic cartography developed, but remained separate from that of Europe. In the fifteenth century, European curiosity and exploration coupled with printing and engraving led to map-making. The hot, desolate, sandy Arabian Peninsula, which has no navigable rivers, then stifled reliable cartography for centuries. The Bukhari Collection ends in 1901, but Parry brings mapping to the present.



Poetry reading is still in fashion at San Francisco State University's Poetry Center. This fact, in itself, is commonplace; the remarkable part is that the Center keeps audio tapes of sponsored readings from half a century ago. Preserving brittle tapes and transferal to modern recording goes slowly. Certainly conservation will be continual as changing technology renders former versions unusable.

Poet Theodore Roethke, a Pulitzer Prize winner, read first in 1954; he is now Tape #1. Fifty years have added Allen Ginsberg, Marianne Moore, Ishmael Reed, Adrienne Rich, Alice Walker, William Carlos Williams, and dozens more. What Professor Ruth Witt-Diamant launched in 1954 celebrated a Golden Anniversary on February 21.

"Oh, give me a home where the coyotes do wail  
And there to sell books along the Old Spanish Trail!"

Such is the song former Director Emmett Harrington sings these days. His well-written catalogues, followed by sold Western books, now depart from 807 Coyote Gulch Court, Ivins, Utah 84738, near St. George. Harrington, equally well known for his fine Navy coffee, welcomes visitors to southwestern Utah's redrock "Color Country." (435 or 888) 674-3555,

On February 9, our Book Club honored print historian Robert D. Harlan and hand bookbinder Eleanore Ramsey with Oscar Lewis Awards. Harlan, known for numerous articles on San Francisco printers William M. Cubery, William Doxey, Paul Elder, George L. Harding, Anton Roman, and especially John Henry Nash, has created an on-line magnum opus. This is a listing of San Francisco imprints from 1848 to 1879, our favorite period; we have just not learned how to access it.

"Bookbinding is for me a calling," Ramsey said as she elucidated the three legs of "The Ramsey Doctrine of Bookbinding." Through "intellect, art, and craft," a binder gets a feel for a book's contents, historical background, and sense. Through a creative, sensitive binding, this artist illuminates the book's intellectual, aesthetic whole.

A reader—Hurrah, we have One!—wrote, "This morning, in the shower, where I often have my most lucid moments, I was wondering how many complete collections of the Book Club's publications are extant?"

We accept the challenge and break down Book Club productions into four categories: Books, Keepsakes, *Quarterly News-Letters*, and Ephemera. Who has completed one field? Who has the best collection in all four fields? Take advantage of the BCC's glorious Grand INVENTORY REDUCTION SALE to complete a few more sets!

Another reader writes in more corrective vein; we are apologetic as well as grateful:

Dear Robert Chandler:

Since you are the editor of the *Quarterly* and author of a recent article on Lewis and Clark, I have to voice a mild protest. Although I have been a member of BCC for over 30 years, yours is the second review to get my name wrong. It is William Reese, not Michael Reese; and my firm, William Reese Company, sends frequent catalogues to BCC. For the record, I sold Roger Wendlick his set in 1992, not 1995. It was a modern binding, while the one he cited in my recent catalogue was in original printed boards (it sold). Also for the record, I've sold over two dozen copies of the book since 1976 (when I sold a rebound set for \$5000).

Sincerely,

Bill Reese

William Reese Company  
Rare Books & Manuscripts  
409 Temple Street  
New Haven, CT 06511 USA

ROBERT J. CHANDLER

\* \* \*

A visitor from Spain recently informed us of the Konrad Haebler Club, which publishes exquisite facsimiles of incunables and manuscripts of scholarly import. The Club is limited to three thousand members worldwide, fifty in any one country. The distinguished printing firm of Vicent Garcia Editores creates the replicas. Membership may be on several different plans, and the cost is actually less than the market value of the six books the member receives. The Club offers occasional keepsakes such as the detailed re-creation of a manuscript of Pope Alexander VI, left as a memento of the visit. For more information about this unique organization, contact Charo Casillas de Polit, Calle Doctor Oloriz 3, 11, 46009 Valencia, Spain; email: ccl@telefonica.net

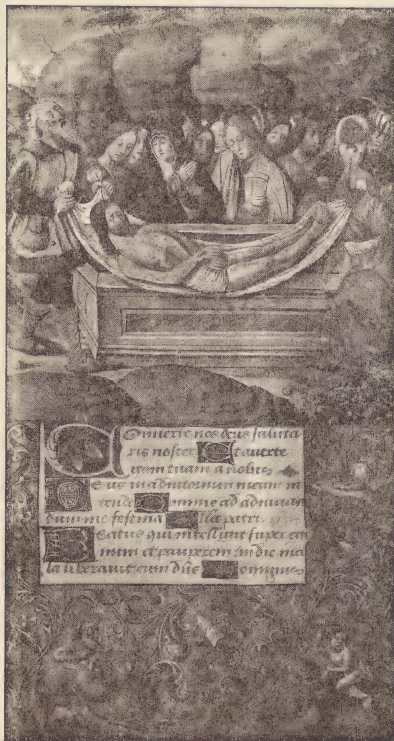
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Merlin Holland's talk was mentioned in "Gifts & Acquisitions," but we offer here a transcript of his letter from La Boudaillerie, Le Bourg, St. Martin-sous-Mont-aigu, France:

24 March 2004

Dear George Fox,

I'm afraid this is a disgracefully late note of thanks, but it is nonetheless heartfelt. I'm terribly grateful to you for allowing me (through my good friend Wade Hugan) to talk about my grandfather Oscar Wilde and his trial at the Book Club's Rooms.

It's always a great pleasure to visit San Francisco and I never seem to have enough time there; in and out in the space of 14 hours is almost an insult to a beautiful city.

My publishers in New York having done next to nothing to help me publicize the discovery of the original transcript of Oscar's legal action against the Marquess of Queensberry, it was heartening to see that they were quite wrong in believing that it would be of only marginal interest. Your audience was both well-informed and a delight to address. Would you please pass on my thanks to Roger Wicker and Ann Whipple for their involvement in making the event such a success.

With kind regards and renewed thanks,  
MERLIN HOLLAND

The Club hopes members will take advantage of future public programs planned by Roger Wicker, and of exhibits put together by Dr. Adela Roatcap. Visitors always welcome!

*Two of our printer-members have received extraordinary honors*

The Board of the American Institute of Graphic Arts will present Jack W. Stauffacher with a "special legacy AIGA medal, the most distinguished in the field" in recognition of his "exceptional achievements, services and contributions to the field of graphic design and visual communication." The medal will be presented at a gala in New York City this coming September, and recognition of Jack's work will appear in AIGA publications. Congratulations to Jack from us all. We are

proud to have this vital, scholarly, multi-talented printer-designer in our midst. (Members wishing an example of Jack's work still have a chance; copies remain of his *Inscriptions at the Old San Francisco Public Library*, a wonderfully wide-ranging study.)

Berkeley printer Alastair Johnston has been chosen by the University of California as an "honored instructor for the year 2004." Alastair has taught in the Extension program for more than fifteen years, and his "passion for the art and craft of typography and book design" have been infectious, inspiring students who "speak in superlatives" of having their eyes opened to a whole new world. We can agree that Alastair is always enlivening to be around, and that he has a way of looking at the wider world through the "lens of typography" that is quite marvelous. A dinner honoring Alastair and other Fall 2004 honored instructors will take place this coming fall.

The world needs more people like Jack and Alastair! The Book Club of California is proud of them and gratified at the recognition of their contributions.

\* \* \*

News of the latest production of Terry Horrigan's Protean Press is most exciting. It is *Quipu*, a study of the knotted-string devices used in the Inka Empire (ca. 1450–1532 C.E.) to record statistical and narrative information. Club member Catherine Mutz researched and wrote the text, and Terry designed, printed, etched and bound the edition of 40. The text is 13-point Poliphilus and Blado cast by Michael and Winifred Bixler of Skaneateles, New York. The paper is Fabriano Ingres, and the binding is in Lokta fiber paper from Nepal. Calligraphic elements were provided by Ann Miller, and Katherine Venturelli assisted with printing and folding. One sees an odd congruence here with an earlier book of Terry's, *Something Sheepish*, the Celtic sheep-counting numerals illustrated by Terry and presented along with a wonderful essay by E. B. White: Both are books about keeping track of things. (Protean Press, 287 28th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94121.)

## Review

*Books on the Frontier: Print Culture in the American West, 1763–1875* by Richard W. Clement (Washington, D.C.: Library of Congress, 2003). 140 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. \$29.95.

Richard W. Clement, a professor and head of special collections at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, makes use a second time of splendid gems in the Library of Congress. His first, in 1996, was *The Book in America*, a 350-year survey of book printing, from “yeller kivered” trash to the classics—all in 160 pages. Clement’s emphasis in that volume, as well as this one, is the era from colonial days to the Civil War. The Library of Congress’s Center for the Book produced both. They follow a third from that source, a series of essays on book distribution contained in *Getting the Books Out* (1987). 2004 Oscar Lewis award-winner Robert D. Harlan contributed “Printing for the Instant City: San Francisco at Mid-[Nineteenth] Century” for that fine publication.

A remarkable hunger for the printed word did not abate as men and women headed westward. In four of five essays, Clement pairs sample printers. The first decade of the nineteenth century saw James D. Bemis in upstate New York, and a series of printers in Cincinnati, who by the 1830s made William H. McGuffey’s *Readers* legendary. Further west other newspapermen pioneered. Joseph Charless entered St. Louis in that first decade, 1808, while in 1837, Jacob and James Cruger and Francis Moore, Jr., held forth in Mudtown, a locale designated on maps as “Houston.”

Bemis typifies these men. In 1804 in small Canandaigua, New York, he established a book store, soon owned the weekly newspaper, and trained a generation of apprentices. They, in turn, purchased on credit from Bemis, stationery, books, and printing supplies as they moved toward the setting sun—one as far as Hawaii. Though at a \$30,000 monetary loss, Bemis waxed proud of his offspring. He had fathered fifteen bookstores, a half-dozen pioneer presses, the first in their respective counties, and “put a goodly number of young men in active and successful business.”

Besides the well-regarded weekly *Ontario Repository*, Bemis published almanacs with information geared to local readers, school books, and religious and political tracts. Captivity tales brought revenue and Bemis achieved his through interview, as *Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jamison, who was taken by Indians in the year 1755, when only about twelve years of age, and has continued to reside amongst them to the present time; Containing An Account of the Murder of her Father and his Family; her sufferings; her marriage to two Indians; her troubles with her Children... and many Historical Facts never before published. Carefully taken from her own words, Nov. 29th, 1823* (1824).



A third chapter discusses the travails of printers and mission presses in Idaho, Oregon, and Indian Territory (Oklahoma). A fourth covers a late 1860s publishing duel between San Francisco's Anton Roman and Hubert Howe Bancroft. The result? Two books of never-read poetry known only to scholars. The disparate chapters make for a clunky book.

The fifth essay carries forward a thesis that the frontier made colonists "uniquely American." As the experience of living on the edge of civilization metamorphosed, frontier printer/booksellers "fashioned stories that helped shape the nation's self image."

Clement opens this chapter: "Unique among those of contemporary Western nations, the American national identity has been created from present and living memory," unlike nations whose character came from events thousands of years ago. Seventeenth-century Puritans saw the frontier as hellish, as seen in Mary Rowlandson's 1682 Indian captivity narrative. A century later, John Filson wrote, in 1784, that after Daniel Boone escaped from Indian bondage, he gazed upon Kentucky's land as the promise of "a second paradise."

The unending wilderness vastness spawned new appetites. By the 1830s, congressional bear hunter Davy Crockett bragged he could "fight like the devil, spout like an earthquake, [and] make love like a mad bull." To epitomize the essence of the Far West, who is there other than Buffalo Bill Cody? This grand showman portrayed the life he had lived—with crowd-pleasing embellishments. Publishers from the settled parts of the nation to the unsettled frontier created, says Clement, a "national vision," comprised of "hard-working individualism and an optimistic 'can-do' attitude." From this burst forth the "American Dream."

This volume is a pleasure to look at. Wonderful illustrations from the Library of Congress appear within the text, while fine, descriptive captions, usually in the inner margins, explicate them.

ROBERT J. CHANDLER

## Book Notes

*Publications of Dawson's Book Shop: Checklist* by Doug Johns and Dennis Kruska. San Francisco, Johns' Western Gallery, 101 pages, paperback. \$12; special copies signed by Glen and Muir Dawson \$22.50.

Perusing Oak Knoll's recently published anthology of essays from *The Book Collector*, this reviewer was reminded that the British journal's best articles (at least, in his immodest opinion) were those under the heading "Uncollected Authors." Not only should this interesting feature be duplicated here, Stateside, we should also add to it "Uncollected Publishers"—starting out with Dawson's Book Shop in Los Angeles.

California has been blessed with first-rate booksellers who doubled as publishers, like the Bay Area's David Magee, Warren Howell, William Wreden, and Robert Hawley. Still going strong is Robert Clark of the A.H. Clark Co., but he has migrated to Spokane from the Los Angeles area. But Dawson's takes the generational cake with Ernest, Glen, Muir, and now Michael Dawson. Small wonder that Glen and Muir shared honors at a 2002 Oscar Lewis Award evening at the Book Club.

The Dawson's imprint is a guarantee of high collectibility, and not just for fine printing by the likes of John Henry Nash, *les frères* Grabhorn, Saul and Lillian Marks, Grant Dahlstrom, Lewis and Dorothy Allen, Lawton Kennedy, Don Kelley, Roger Levenson, Jack Stauffacher, and others. Californiana was splendidly served by the Early California Travel Series and the Early California Trials Series concocted by Kenneth Johnson. As for Mexicana, there was Ed Carpenter's Baja California Travel Series. Dawson's also issued many miniature books and a Los Angeles Miscellany series.

From Glen and Muir and their kinfolk we have received many valuable books by such writers as Larry Powell, Monsignor Weber, Doyce Nunis, Mike Mathes, Art Woodward, Dale Morgan, Francis Farquhar, and two wonderful women, Ellen Shaffer and Dorothy Bevis. Even the firm's sales catalogues are collectors' items now, and this reviewer could kick himself in the *pantalones* for allowing copies to drift away over the years.

Copies of this bibliography are available from Johns' Western Gallery, 250 Sutter Street, Suite 360, San Francisco CA 94108.

Now if'n we could only persuade Doug Johns to reprint some of the fascinating titles in his checklist, like the early (1924) *Migratory Books, Their Haunts and Habits* (heck, 'tis only ten pages!), or perhaps Muir's own *Don Santiago Kirker*, which weighs in at only twenty pages.

RICHARD H. DILLON

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| Michael H. Zischke | Lafayette     | Midge & Peter Zischke |

### *New Regular Members*

|                     |               |                   |
|---------------------|---------------|-------------------|
| Althea F. Anderson  | Palo Alto     | John F. Douglas   |
| Nick Aretakis       | New Haven, CT | William Reese     |
| Margo Hallman Beebe | San Francisco | Alastair Johnston |
| Georgette Freeman   | San Francisco | George Fox        |
| Charles P. Gibson   | San Francisco | Richard Hilker    |
| Peter Johannet, MD  | San Mateo     | John Hawk,        |
|                     |               | John Crichton     |
| Susan Rashkis       | San Francisco | Kathleen Burch    |
| Frederic Stout      | San Francisco | Phyllis Mayberg   |

### *New Student Member*

|             |            |                   |
|-------------|------------|-------------------|
| Aileen Berg | San Rafael | Bernard Rosenthal |
|-------------|------------|-------------------|

### *The following member has changed from student to regular status:*

|                       |        |  |
|-----------------------|--------|--|
| Michelle Renee Martin | Sonoma |  |
|-----------------------|--------|--|

### *The following members have changed from regular to sustaining status:*

|                    |            |  |
|--------------------|------------|--|
| Harold P. Anderson | San Rafael |  |
| John R. Shuman     | Piedmont   |  |

### *The following member has changed from regular to patron status:*

|               |         |  |
|---------------|---------|--|
| David Wirshup | Oakland |  |
|---------------|---------|--|

### *The following member has changed from sustaining to patron status:*

|             |               |  |
|-------------|---------------|--|
| Wade Hughan | San Francisco |  |
|-------------|---------------|--|



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